

3.^d A *Eng. Poetry vol. 1/2*

LETTER

F R O M

Mr. JACOB BICKERSTAFFE, *K*

N E P H E W T O

ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE, Esq,

OCCASION'D by the DEATH

O F

QUEEN ANNE.

To a Gentleman in Holland.

L O N D O N :

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LETTER

FROM

MRS JACOB BICKERSTAFFE

NEPHEW TO

ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE Esq

Occasioned by the Death

OF

OLIVER ANNE

To a Gentleman in Holland.

Printed by J. B. ...
... and ...
... and ...



LETTER

To a Gentleman in Holland,

OCCASION'D

By the Death of Queen *Anne*.

While you require, I dare not, Sir, refuse
 The first young labours of my timorous Muse;
 That ne'er aspir'd above a country scene,
 And frolick gambols, play'd upon the green;
 Or, in low verse, to sing *Corinna* fair,
 With rosy-colour'd cheeks, and silver hair,
 A country toast, her father's only care :
 To such a pitch I can with safety fly;
 But Eagles only dare attempt the sky.
 No, let some abler Bards our woes proclaim ;
 In lasting verse record their Sov'reign's name.

To *Addison*, great Bard, of sweetest strains,
 Who sung the Hero on the deathless plains,
 We turn our eyes, and, with attention, wait
 To hear his Muse, in mournful sounds, repeat :
 Whilst each true Briton does his tribute pay,
 In tears, to sooth the horrors of the day,
 That snatch'd his best and favorite Queen away
Congreve, again, may teach the groves to mourn,
 And *Anna's* death exceed *Pastora's* urn.
Colin, whose plaints in mournful murmurs flow,
 O'erwhelm'd with tears, may wail a mightier woe.
 Let *Prior* mount his *Pegasus* again ;
 He allways rode him with an easy rein :
 His softning accents will our grief relate,
 Greater than that he bore for *Villers* fate.
Dursey himself, awhile, will lend an ear,
 Forget his songs, and shed a generous tear.
 Why then should I, who ne'er pretences made
 To *Clio's* favours, or to *Pindus'* shade,

To plaintive elegy my fancy raise,
 And speak, in humble verse, great *Anna's* praise.
 Since nobler pens the mournful task decline ;
 If not the verse, commend my good design :
 Whilst I submit to tune my trembling string ;
 And, in advent'rous verse, attempt to sing.
 Oh ! cou'd I stretch my limbs in *Windfor's* Grove ;
 Where *G——ll* tunes his *Waller* strains to love ;
 Beneath the shade, upon the verdant green,
 Then I'd indulge a melancholy scene ;
 In grief's excess, my troubled thoughts disclose,
 And wound the grove with *Albion's* fatal woes.

Long honour'd isle ! a race of kings you boast
 From godlike *William* of the *Norman Coast*.
 From thence, thro' many a noble line, have rose
 Illustrious chiefs, to quell advent'rous foes :
 The bold *Plantaganet's*, and *Teudor's* race ;
 Whom now the lawrel, now the olives grace :

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But

But they to virtuous *Stuart's* house do yield,
 In council wise, and valiant in the field.
 Thence, thro' a brave descent, our glories rise,
 And *Ann* at last exalts 'em to the skies.
 The noble patterns, that before her mov'd,
 She wisely saw, and on their plans improv'd;
 Whilst wholesome laws, with native freedom deckt,
 On their great names immortal praise reflect.

But now, *Britannia*, see thy glory fade,
 O'er all thy honours hangs a gloomy shade;
 With ghastly steps, behold approaching fate,
 Whilst the sight sickens, and the pulse abate:
 Thy Monarch once, a lifeless form remains,
 Pale are her cheeks, and languid are her veins;
 The vital heat, that gave the motion play
 Thro' every nervous spring, doth now decay:
 Thus tyrant death, in terms severe as these,
 Draws off each lively charm, by slow degrees,
 Till nought of life is left, but only the disease.

But now, thro' radiant paths she takes her way,
 Whilst guardian angels her commands obey.

Hail, mighty Princess, to the blest abodes
 Of ancient heroes, and your kindred Gods!
 There take with due respect your destin'd seat,
 And, wreath'd with glory, shine divinely great.
 Thus bounteous Heav'n rewards your pious care ;
 For a good prince is always honour'd there.
 Now see the deify'd immortal fly,
 Thro' azure regions, and her native skie ;
 Where, with her sister Queen in council met,
 They joyn to make their favorite island great ;
 Still mindful of our good, in close debate,
 Deal out with lavish hands propitious fate :
 So the kind Mothers guard their tender care,
 And every good for their dear charge prepare ;
 Urg'd on by love, with nature's laws refin'd :
 Whilst, what the child scarce wisht, it sees design'd.

Bu:

But grief, in sighs and tears exprest, remains,
 And spreads the sad disease o'er all the plains;
 A gloomy darkness, darting from the skies,
 Creates confusion, and a wild surprize,
 Whilst the bright star of *Europe* faints, and dies.
 In vain the mariners may plow the sea,
 And, harass'd, wander o'er the liquid way;
 Give to the winds their sails, and random steer,
 Whilst nought but night, and threat'ning clouds appear;
 Since heaven in different views to us is bent;
 Which weeps for joy, what we in tears lament.
 Whilst nations distant, and, before, in wars,
 Unite in grief, and lay aside their jars;
 Amaz'd they stand, appriz'd of some new care,
 And *Anna's* death adds terror to their fear:
 With trembling awe they wait their future doom,
 And wish t' anticipate their fate to come:
 For, when good princes from this world retire,
 Who can prevent heav'n's dread avenging ire?

In league they join, and bind the contract fast,
 And fear confirms the willing peace at last :
 Thus have I seen the feather'd race engage,
 And party wars encrease to ten-fold rage ;
 But when the bird of *Jove* in sight appears,
 They cease the fight, and joyn in mutual fears,
 And, for a while, suspend the doubtful chance of wars. }

But whilst our luckless fate is heard afar,
 Can *Britain*, sad in grief, deny a tear ?
 Behold her warlike sons, in sorrow's dress,
 By outward garbs, their heavy thoughts express :
 A pious prince they gratefully bewail,
 (A prince known farther than her ships e'er sail)
 And only on surviving hopes rely,
 That Great *Augustus* will her place supply.]

Hasten, dread Sir, to raise a sinking isle,
 And glad her sons with a good-omen'd smile.
 To *William's* goodness *Anna's* glory join ;
 And, in both characters illustrious, shine.

Outlive the tyrant king, that bears your name;
 And turn each vain pretender's hopes to shame.
 Rome's great *Augustus* may we now behold
 Revive in thee, and a new age of gold.
 Let thy sublime meridian rays atone
 For *England's* grief, and *Anna's* setting sun;
 With double lustre bless our fruitful soil,
 And crown with joy the hind's laborious toil.
 May *Saturn* now the wish'd-for years compleat,
 Design'd to perfect *Britain's* happy state.
 Behold her king, with every virtue blest,
 Like *Plæbus* rays, his power around confest,
 Spreads his dominion wide from east to west.
 Depending monarchs wait around his throne;
 Ambitious, each solicits for his own:
 He hears their suits, relieves their sinking cause,
 And mildly forms for others wholesome laws:
 Joyns league with some; these wisely he reproveth;
 In those an unfeign'd innocence he loves:

Round the wide world determines all their fate,
 And a right Judgment guides his love, and hate:
 Prudent, in reason's scale each point he weighs;
 And, willingly, the juster side obeys.

Now, *Britain*, see the blessings of this reign;
 Peace triumphs, and old truth returns again;
 Conquest the happy victor's sword shall wait,
 To teach submission to a rebel state:
 Whilst he at home does all the ways approve,
 To fix his empire on his people's love.
 These blessings only can our woes relieve,
 And bid a mourning nation cease to grieve.

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(11)
Round the wide world determines all their fate,
And a right Judgment guide his love, and hate;
Prudent, in reason's scale, each point he weighs;
And, willingly, the juster side obeys.
Now, toward the blessings of this reign;
From triumphs, and old triumphs again;
Conduct the happy victor's word shall wait,
To teach submission to a rebel state.
Whilst he at home does all the ways approve,
To fix his empire on his people's love.
These blessings only can our woes relieve,
And bid a mourning nation cease to grieve.

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